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ΓΑΤΚΟΠΙΚΡΑ
O R,
MISCELLANIES

Melancholly and Diverting.

Occasioned chiefly

By the DEATH of a late Incomparable
and Truly Noble L A D Y.

By way of PASTORAL.

Et prodesse volunt, & delectare Poetæ.

Hor.

L O N D O N:

Printed, and are to be Sold by A. Baldwin, near
the Oxford-Arms in Warwick-Lane. 1704.

TATKONIPPA

O R

MISCELLANIES

and Drury

Occasional clergy

in the Drury of a late incumbent
and Trinity House L.A.D.Y.



By way of P.T. ORAL

THE

OF N. D. N.

Printed and sold by the Secretary of the
the Office of the Secretary of the

The Introduction.

UNder a Lonely Yew as *Thyrsis* lay,
His Hook, and Pipe, and Chaplet thrown away, }
His Kids and Lambs to Foxes left a Prey:

Menalcas boldly up unto him went,
And him with Thump on Back did complement :
He ask'd him, why he moan'd, and why he cry'd ?
Hath *Rosalin* at last thy Suit deny'd ?
Alas ! said he, 'tis not blind *Cupid's* Dart,
But Death's Unerring Stroke that wounds my Heart ;
Anna is dead ; the Noble, Kind, and Good,
The Love and Praise of all the Neighbourhood :
Anna is dead ; that Chaste, that Lovely She,
Beauty and Virtue in Epitome.

The COMPLAINT.

M. Ah me ! She lov'd, and was belov'd by all ;
And Her's should be our Common Funeral :
But could She dye, whose Texture was so fine ?
Her Body seem'd, as well as Soul, divine.

Tb. Her purer Essence needs must know Disease,
When fed by such gross Elements as these.

M. Nought could the Doctors do ? *Tb.* They kept a pother,
And as dropt from the Clouds, gaz'd on each other.
And tho' themselves they wonderfully please, }
In being Sons of great *Hippocrates* ; }
Yet what are they themselves, but a Disease ? }
They offer Reasons to prolong Man's Breath ; }
Then, to confute them, yield themselves to Death.

M. Yet Nought was left undone that could be try'd:
Could Art have sav'd her Life, She ne're had dy'd.

Tb. Nor would the Sympathizing Universe,
Now pay its Obsequies unto Her Hearse.

M. Hark, how the Winds do in their hollow Tone
The Loss proclaim; they now not blow, but groan:
While loud resounding Ecchoes from their Cell
Do o're and o're the Mournful Story tell.

Tb. The *Idumean* Balsom hastes to flow,
And chides its lazy Motion, as too slow.
Each purling Stream swoln big with Floods of Tears,
An overflowing *Severn* now appears,
And like its *Hygre*, doth invade our ears.

M. Now *Men* like Moving Sepulchres do walk,
And in the dark like Ghosts at Midnight stalk:
Grief in each Cheek its Water-works doth make,
And in indulging Sighs doth pleasure take.

Tb. Those we stile Men, strange sort of Mortals are,
Thoughtless begot, brought up with Thoughtful Care;
Each Morning's Birth is Midwife to new Troubles,
Which in a num'rous Throng spring up like Bubbles;
In stormy rainy Weather, only they
Do break and vanish, these hold fast and stay;
And still pursue us closely from the Womb,
'Till we for Refuge fly to some kind Tomb.

M. We busy weary'd Mortals no where have
A Sweet Recumbency, but in the Grave.

Tb. This shuts our Cares and Bodies up together:
No Vapours there are rais'd by Change of Weather:
Whether the *East-Wind* Blows, or Heaven's Face
Be Cloudy, or Serene, 'tis the same Case.

M. Let Trumpets sound, and Drums beat at our Head,
Yet we still sleeping lye on our cold Bed — —

Tb. But here our very Noon-day's clouded o're,
And Storms look black behind us, and before:
Ill News with ev'ry Post doth lash our Ears,
And Troubles grow on us; as we in Years.
And now, alas!

M. Since Shepherd first kept Sheep on grassy Green,
Surely there never was such Sorrow seen.

Tb. Nor

Tb. Nor e're such Cause for Grief; in Her alone,
Th' united Virtues of all Ages shone :
No *Sibyls* Leaf could more Respect command,
Than the minutest Dash of Her fair Hand.

On the Bishop of Sarum's Sermon at Her Funeral.

M. What Things, *Great Sarum* at Her Obsequies
Did speak? Such Mighty Things as may surprize
Posterity, and handsomely chastise
The Folly of the present Age; wherein
To be both *Great* and *Good* is thought a Sin.

Tb. None, who were blest in hearing him dispense
His Manly, Sacred, Golden Eloquence,
Could e're forbear to think that *Chrysostom*
Was once again into the Pulpit come.
'Twould make one ready to conclude there is
A *Pythagorick Metempsychosis*.

*On Her Chusing the Bishop of Worcester for Her
Guide in Spirituals.*

She could not in her Choice be more discreet,
Who for a Casuist had a *Stillingfleet*.
That Great, that Deep, that Bulky-learned Man,
Who living, was a walking *Vatican*;
Whose Works the Learned World shall still adore,
'Till Books and Libraries shall be no more :
And had they all been lost, had he but liv'd,
By him alone that Loss had been retriev'd.

On Her Second Marriage.

M. She not at Greatness, but Content did aim;
Merits, not Titles, bade the fairest Claim :
To Her Affections Ducal Crowns must yield,
To brighter Virtues of th' Esquire's Shield.
With Scorn She empty Titles did behold,
She Mules as Mules esteem'd, tho' Trapp'd with Gold.

Tb. The

Th. The worthy *Thomalin* She chose to wed,
The faithful Partner of Her Cares and Bed :
Variety did not his Thoughts perplex,
In Marrying Her he marry'd the whole Sex ;
For where in the *Fair Work* no Error's shown,
Nature *All Women* hath abridg'd in *One*.

M. His Courtship sure was that of Look and Eye,
While Sighs and Wishes did the rest supply :
Words, in Her presence, fell from him as slow
As Drops of Water from th' *Alimbeck* flow.

Th. In *Ovid*, how to love we need not look,
For Love will teach us that without a Book.

M. What taught the Goose to swim, and billing Dove
To chuse her Mate ; *that* taught Men how to love.

Th. None better could deserve Her Love than he,
Whose Match with Her made up Love's Jubilee.
She marry'd not the Ruins of a Man,
Whose Breath blasts Trees, and makes the Leaves look wan ,
So that the Birds as wary of them be,
As of *West-India* * *Manchinello*-Tree.

* See *Boyle* of
Effluvioms.

M. He's one says much, tho' he but little talks,
Out-runs the hasty, tho' he slowly walks :
One who to be a *Justice* did not long,
With the more Right to do the greater Wrong :
Justice, like Death, should no Distinction know
Between the Rich and Poor, the High and Low.

Th. Out of the Jakes his Blood he did not rake,
Then *Honour* from the Herald's Office take,
For Flatt'ring Crest and Motto, Payment make.

M. As if 'twas Money made the Gentleman,
Tho's Father claim'd no Arms but Pot, or Cann.

Th. He is not what the Deeds of some bespeak 'em,
Zealous to make good Laws, and then to break 'em.

M. His Conscience is to him both Judge and Jury ;
He never did in a Religious Fury,
Swallow down Oaths like Chocolate, and then
Like *Carduus-Posslet* spew them up agen.
He thinks *Non-furors* better *Williamites*
Than swearing, doubly-perjur'd *Jacobites*.

The State of the Dead.

Tb. As on my Bed I lay, where Death by Sleep,
 Her Nightly Sessions doth by Proxy keep,
 No Glimm' rings in the *East* I could behold,
 No Day-light in my Window did unfold
 Its welcome Dawn; but 'twas all hideous Night,
 So black, e'en *Stryx* would tremble at the Sight.
 In those confused, dark Dominions, none
 Can from a Pedestal discern a Throne.
 My Heart was cold; *Cupid* might sooner make
 A Burning-Glass of Ice, than it Fire take.
 Methought the Worms did on my Carcass feast,
 And in my Cheeks and Eyes did make their Nest:
 They did my Skull for their Pavilion chuse,
 And in my Middle Region rendezvouz.

Her Fair Corps.

While She did not incur the same Disaster,
 For they did take Her Corps for Alabaster:
 Her Corps so lovely shining, and so white,
 Tho laid in Darkness, did exclude the Night.

M. No boasted *Spanish* Wool, tho superfine,
 With such a Radiant Gloss did ever shine.

On Her being never engag'd in any Law-Suit.

Tb. Tho *John-a-Stiles* his old Friend *John-a-Nokes*,
 With Green-Wax and the Term's Returns provokes;
 Yet She Fair *Richard's* Spacious Hall ne're saw,
 (Where the Twelve *Coif'd Apostles* of the Law,
 Do sit enthron'd, and duly do dispence
 To this our *World* their Light and Influence.)

M. Unless it was barely for seeing's sake:
 No Work She did for Judge or Jury make:
 None to betray Her Cause a Fee did take.

On Her Tenants Presenting Her on New-Year's-Day.

Th. How did each distant Swain on *New-Year's-Day*,
 A Voluntary Off'ring to Her pay?
 Thus unto *Neptune's* Grand Imperial Court,
 The Rivers do officiously resort;
 And each his Tribute dutifully brings
 To him, as Sovereign Lord of all the Springs.

On Her Kindness to them; particularly with Relation to Heriots.

M. She oft forgave with Noble Bravery
Heriots. *Th.* The Fruits of *Norman* Slavery.
 When Father dy'd our *Gilbert* She did spare,
Gilbert the Foal of our fam'd Dapple Mare;
 In Harness drest, he steps with stately Pride,
 Still leads the Way, and is a Matchless Guide;
 With Ribbons, Plume, and Bells along he goes,
 His lofty Neck into the Air he throws,
 And Floods of Fire out of wide Nostrils blows.
 E're that the well-tun'd Thong can reach his Back,
 He whisks his Tail, and makes the Traces crack.
 And as he's passing o're the Crystal Brook,
Narcissus-like, loves on himself to look;
 And snorting, paws the Watry Plain, and then
 He looks and paws, and paws and looks again:
 Whilst wond'ring Fishes in a Scaly Throng
 Are scar'd, and charm'd to see him pass along:
 Yet could I but Fair *Anna's* Life redeem,
 I him would sacrifice, and the whole Team.

On Her Learned Discourse.

M. When Jolly Shepherds on *Pan's* Holiday,
 With Glove in hand to Feast did haste away,
 With gazing Eye, and with attentive Ear,
 Her Learned Oracles I us'd to hear;
 Until my Staff (on which I lean'd) gave way,
 And on the ground in Extasies I lay.

On

On Her being well-seen in Physiology.

Th. Why distant Iron doth more strongly feel
The Virtue of a Loadstone capp'd with Steel,
Than Iron close apply'd; and also why
The trembling Needle doth the one Pole fly,
But courts the other; tho' we can't devise,
Yet unto Her were no such Mysteries.

Why Water in a Weather-Glass by Cold
Is rais'd, but upon Heat descends, She told
With as much Ease as we can count our Fold.

M. She doubtless too could tell, why Sheep when blind
Do use to run a-tilt against the Wind;

And what that Skipping Whim-wham is, whose Sight
So oft beguiles poor Trav'lers in the Night,
And which so scar'd young *Corydon*, that's Hair
Like Hedg-hog's Bristles ever since doth stare;
And which so frighted too *Dametas* Daughter,
That ever since She cannot hold her Water.

Th. Give not the Reins to thy Licentious Wit,
Grave Speech on this occasion is more fit.

Chymistry.

More in th' *Hermetick* Art She had not seen,
Had the Great *Hermes* Her *Præceptor* been.

Rarely by Her Experiment was made,
But what from Her no small Improvement had.

She well could solve an Acid's double Fate,

Both to Dissolve, and to Coagulate.

None could so well explain the Reason, why

An *Acid* mixed with an *Alkali*

Doth in the Conflict cause such Ebullitions,

As may *non-plus* a College of Physicians.

M. Thy Learning's so mysterious, so profound,
That *Oedipus* himself thou 'dst run a-ground.

Th. Prepared Pearl, and shining Leaves of Gold,
Distill'd in *Balneo*, She would not with-hold
From th' humblest Swain that ever pitch'd the Fold.

Botanicks.

The *Vegetable World* She travell'd o're,
Th' unweary'd *Drake* ne're in his *World* did more.

M. What *Learned Ignorants* by Book obtain,
She wisely did by sure Experience gain.

Tb. Yet what the *Learned* and *Compendious Grew*,
And what the *Bulky Gerard* wrote, She knew.

Chirurgery.

M. Damen (who Title of our King did bear,
For he the first Lamb Yeaned ; had that Year)
As he was climbing of an aged Tree,
A Nest of *Culvers* (which he found) to see ;
A Bough split off, and down he fell as dead,
His Arm was broken, wounded was his Head :
With Careful Hand She weeping dress'd the Wound,
And up with curious Art his Arm She bound,
Which ever since it touch'd by Her hath been,
Unto the other seems to be no Kin ;
So strangely Soft 'tis grown, so lovely White,
It well may *Galatea's* Love invite,
Or any Scornful Lady's in the Land,
It is indeed so soft, so white an Hand :
I well know what of it they wond'ring spoke,
When we o're *Phyllis* Head the Bride-cake broke.

Medicine.

Tb. To the dejected, poor, and helpless Man,
She was both Physick and Physician.

M. With kind Expressions, and with smiling Looks,
She more could do than Recipes of Books.

Quacks Abandoned.

Tb. She Empericks proscib'd, who when they please
Can shake an Urinal to a Disease ;

Who

Who clad in Velvet swagger on the Stage,
And are the very Merry *Andrews* of the Age.

Tb. Upon whose Learned Cheek is seen a Dimple,
As they enlarge upon a *Compound-Simple* ;
Who oft with Brick-bats pulveriz'd knock down
The Understanding of the ablest Clown.

Stentor in all his Heat was never louder
In recommending this for *Gascoin's* Powder,
Whilst th' Heart much labours, 'till it disembogues
It's *Paregoricks*. and *Panclymagogues*.

M. Thy Magick Speech give o're, I dread some Evil,
I fear e're long that thou wilt raise the Devil.

Fops and Beaus

Tb. She Loathsome Fops and Beaus did nauseate,
Who are all Form, Address, Shrugg, Grimace, Prate.

M. Such Garnisht Tombs She Thought without, within
All Stench, the piece-meal dying Slaves of Sin ;
Who like to Machines in your Puppet-shews,
Instead of speaking, snuffle thro' the Nose.

Tb. Men of Impertinence and Nonsense made,
Who only Ape the Man in *Masquerade* ;
And serve t'encrease the Number of Mankind,
As Cyphers, which before the Figures stand
T' Enhance the Sum. *M.* Who are at greater pains
Their Perukes in Careening than their Brains :
And lest they should disturb one well-set Hair,
Their Hats (which hardly once in Half a Year
Come on their Heads) they on their Hanches wear.

Tb. Who think no Sence can in that *Head* be found,
Which is no *Block* for Wigg of Forty Pound,
Wherein the Face and Half the Man is drown'd.

M. Did not their Credit bolster'd Stockings save,
They rather Stilts than Legs would seem to have :
Yet as along the *Mall* they proudly walk,
They smile to think the Ladies of them talk :
Tho' all but *Ignorants* loath and despise
Nothing so much as *Man* in meer Disguise.

Tb. 'Twould make one sick to hear them vainly boast
How many Ladies Healths they daily toast;
Who at their Chambers do their Visits pay,
And are more humbly theirs by Night than Day !
Whereas th' enfeebled Wretches can no more
At Twenty Four perform, than at Four score.

M. Dame *Agle* with Suck-bottle nurs'd a Lamb,
Which but at Three Days old had lost his Dam :
But now the Flock h' encreaseth and adorns,
And with the heav'nly Ram may vie for Horns.
When Ewes to blissom go, shou'd he but meet 'em,
How *alamode* and handsomely he'd greet 'em.
Should these stout Hearts once dare to stand a Battle,
How would their Bones within their sleek'd Skins rattle?

Tb. Of such *Great Souls* was there an Army rais'd,
How would their Brave Heroick Acts be prais'd ?
They would not value naked Swords a-pin,
Who ev'ry Morn have Razors at their Chin :
They'd fear no Cuts, who have had many Scars
In treach'rous *Venus's* more fatal Wars.

M. Translated from the *Playhouse* to the Camp,
They'd show themselves of true Old *Roman* Stamp :
Of Clouted Shoes we may despise the Slanders,
Who basely from Plow-tail commence Commanders.
In Winter, who more fit for a Campaign,
Than Men much us'd to *Stoves*, and Curtains drawn
About their Beds, unto the Fire near plac'd,
And guarded with a Skreen ; And Windows grac'd
And fenc'd with home-made Blankets, whilst each Joint
With Lard and Mercury they well anoint ?

M. They'd make the Great *Mogul* of *France* to know,
That he's but a meer *Braggadocio*.
His Troops like Flocks of Sheep away would fly,
When gaping Wolves approaching they espy.

Tb. Their very *Looks* would put an *Host* to flight,
And *Conquerors* they'd prove without a *Fight*.

M. Talk thou no more of such sad useless Cattle,
Who are not fit either for Fight or Battle.

Bullies.

Tb. All your *Quintilians*, and famous *Tullies*
 She thought Low-spirited to these your Bullies :
High-flown Longinus with all his *Great Speaking*,
 To one of them is meer *Low-Church* and Sneaking.
 Big Looks, Wigg, Sword, and Lac'd Hat lay aside,
 And nothing of the Man you've left beside.

Her Charity to Poor Debtors.

M. Who thro' good Nature, or Misfortune, were
 Brought into Debt, did much Her Pity share.

Tb. Her Charity She to poor Pris'ners sent,
 Which even did their very Hopes prevent.

M. Who is in Debt, and cannot forthwith pay,
 Must Things against his very Nature say :
 Tho' Money's sure, and Int'rest full he pays,
 Yet if one Month beyond Six Months he stays,
 To them with Cap in Hand he's fain to come
 Who'd honour'd been to've been his Father's Groom,
 Or been preferr'd in Stable to a Broom. }

The Poor Reliev'd by Her.

Tb. No Orphan's Portion on Her Back She wore,
 Nor by Her loaded Table starv'd the Poor :
 'Twas never known that poor distressed Swain
 Did ever stand before Her Gate in vain.
 To cheer the Drooping, made Her truly glad ;
 They had Her Alms, and She their Prayers had.

Her Table.

M. Daws in Her Chimneys did not build their Nest,
 Which were with Flitches not with Gew-gaws drest.
 She for Her Closet kept Her *China-Ware*,
 And Her best Furniture esteem'd good Fare.
Lucullus ne're had thought himself so rich in
 Luxuriant Dishes, had he seen Her Kitchen :

To

To've seen Her Rich *Ragous* and Chines of Beef,
 He'd hang'd his Cook, and starv'd himself for Grief.
 So Rich, so Sweet, so Sav'ry was Her Meat,
 As basted with an *Alexander's* Sweat.
 By Frogs, and Mushrooms, and such like Kick-shaws,
 Ne're Shams were put by Her on hungry Maws.
 Oh! how we meal'd like Drivers of Road-Waggon,
 Or had within our Paunch *Bel and the Dragon*.
 With good fat Mutton, Venison, Veal and Lamb,
 We did our Bellies, and our Snap-jacks cram.
 I for Her sake methinks could gladly fast
 My self to Death, was Sheep-shear once but past.

On Her State in Travelling.

Th. She thought to Quality 'twas some Reproach,
 To climb into a *Buckle-window'd* Coach;
 There sleep the *Morn* out, then at Noon Club down
 For Self, and Servants *Eating*, Half a Crown.
 She of Her Ancestors kept up the Port,
 Where-e're She went, She had Her Moving Court,
 She by Her Train, and Splendid Equipage,
 Retriev'd the Honour of the former Age.

M. When Lords from Dancing-Masters could be known,
 Nor were Ladies and *Abigail's* all one.
 But we into an Iron-age are thrust,
 Whose very Iron too hath gather'd rust.

Her Respect for the Clergy.

Th. To *Pan's* Reformed Votaries She thought
 It wondrous Shame, and no less Scandal brought,
 That they, who at his Altars do attend
 In Rags and Scorn their long Life's Day should end.
 She lov'd to see *Transparent* Hearts, not Gowns,
 And *Genteel* Clarks, not *Consecrated* Clowns.

Her Beneficence to them.

M. Many a *British* Bard with Want oppress'd,
 By Yearly Benefactions She refresh'd.

Her

Her Benefactions to the Church.

Tb. What to the Church with an *Anathema*,
More Terrifying than all Human Law,
Our Fathers gave ; now Policy of State
Hath *Meritorious* made to alienate.

M. What Brave * *Sir William* did give back again,
She doubly thought Her Duty to maintain :
His Precepts by Her Practice She did crown,
No Sacred Morsel would with Her go down.

Her Zeal for the Common-Prayer.

Tb. Whene're *Pan's* Cornet sounded unto Pray'r,
All in the Common Offices must share,
Which were Her Heart's Delight, and constant Care.

On Several being maintained by Her at Oxford.

M. She did young learned Orphans there maintain,
Where Deathless Muses crown'd with Garlands reign ;
Where Colleges so many are, and tall,
That one would think each College a *Whitehall*.

Tb. The *ἀντὶ ἑσπέρης* of the *Stagirite*,
As silent there is grown as the still Night.
That *Learned World* disdains to be content
With *Ipse dixit* for an Argument.

M. Of what thou talkest now, I can't well tell,
But by Experience this I know full well ;
There crowding Scholars on *Ashwensday* fill
The Schools, like Sheep the Coops at fam'd *Wey-hill* ;
Or Folks the *London-Streets*, where in a Throng,
Men do not go, but push themselves along :
Where *Heming's* little Suns by Night make Day,
And interpose in many a Bloody Fray.

* *Sir William Dodington*, Knt. of *Hants*, Her Grandfather, restor'd no less than Six Improvements out of his own Estate, to the Value of 600 l. yearly, and more. Vid. *Boreman* of Tythes.

Th. What wild and strange Excursions dost thou make ;
And puzzl'd Vicar like, thy Text forsake?

*On some Transactions in the late P. pish Reign, and Her
Aversion to them.*

M. A College * well Endow'd in Days of Yore,
In danger stood of Arbitrary Pow'r ;
And on her Back the Pope would fain have trod,
And on her *Front* engrav'd an *Ichabod* :
But her *Petræan* Boys the Trial stood ;
A Judge in Judgment sate, then Just and Good,
Tho's Hands were stain'd before with Eribes and Blood :
Tho he Burlesqu'd the Laws in Prose and Metre,
And more a *Jebu* was, than Father *Petre* :
She smil'd, that tho *Petræans*, yet would they
No *Peter-pence* be brought to *Rome* to pay.

Th. When *Albion's* seduc'd unhappy King —

M. How *Albion's* ? We need own no such thing :
He is not *England's* King, in my Opinion,
Who is not the Supreme in his Dominion.
To be Supreme, and yet have a Superior,
Is to be Lowest, yet have an Inferior.
Who's subject to the Pope, is not Supreme,
In spite of *Chester* or the Lord of *Wem*.

But let that pass. *Th.* When He, Unhappy King,
† (Who on himself his Grandfire's Curse did bring)
A Peal of Popery would have us ring,
By reading of his specious Declaration;
Publish'd to free, but made t^e enslave the Nation,
And bring us all at length to the *French* Fashion.
She at her Table those Brave Hearts did cherish,
Who than betray their Cause, would sooner perish.

M. And when the Mitred Fathers (whose Brave Cause
Sommers, the Champion of our Lives and Laws,

* *Exeter* College in *Oxford*, first attack'd in the foresaid Reign.

† King *James* the First solemnly pronounc'd a Curse on any of his Posterity that should turn *Papists*.

So strenuously defended) were discharg'd
 From their Confinement, which their Fame enlarg'd :
 In midst of Shouts She did *Te Deum* sing,
 And bravely did our Bells the *Changes* ring.

Tb. Then when *Dispensing Pow'r* the Laws o're-aw'd,
 And *Magna Charta* was it self out-law'd :

M. When Mother *Lowse* was glad with Tooth and Nail,
 T' assert Prerogative, or else bewail
 The loss of *Royal License*, and no more
 Hang forth her *Syren* Picture at her Door.

Tb. When *Judges* for the Law had Rod in Pickle,
 And sought Religion in a Conventicle :
 Who like the Slavish Judges of *Cambyses*,
 As Statute-Law pronounc'd the King's Devices :
 Who *Bracton*, *Fleta*, *Spelman*, gave the Lye,
 By straining the Prerogative too high.

M. Prerogative stretch'd to Infinity,
 Is no good Law, nor yet Divinity.

Tb. When Men in Chair Episcopal did sit,
 Unworthy of their Clergy's Benefit :
 When *Cartwright* huff'd, and *W——* on the Stage,
 The *Harsnets* and the *Sibthorps* of the Age,
 Who were in Principles as Vile and Lewd as
 Ever among the *Twelve* of Old was *Judas* :
 Base Sycophants ! and as egregious Liars,
 As are in *Walsingham* the Begging Friars.
 Ambitious Slaves ! who thought it was no Sin
 To change Grave *Cato* into *Harlequin* ;
Euclid into *Scarron* ; *Lucretia*
 Into a *Messalina* ; while they saw
 R E D C A P in view, and hop'd one day to have
 The Honour of increasing the *Conclave*.

M. Our Honest *Glo'ster*, *Hall*, and *Cumberland*,
 Such Practices do little understand :
 Of *Peter's Keys* was there made an Oblation
 To one of them, they would with Indignation
 Be into *Tybur* flung ; They'd laugh to see
 Their *Scarlet Eminences* all agree
 To bounce in after them : Who first should feel,
 And bear away, should have the *Holy Steel*.

That Rich, Omnipotent, Well-season'd *Treasure*,
To shut, and open Heaven Gate at Pleasure.

Tb. When Grievances were all to be redrest,
By taking off the Penal Laws and Test :

M. When Arguments by Jack-boots were confuted,
And Men by *Closetting* were persecuted.

Tb. When Means to enslave the Nation out were sought,
And *Quo Warranto's* against Charters brought,
And Men to be return'd in Parliament,
More fit to be in Chains to *Newgate* sent,
Or sentenc'd to perpetual Banishment.

M. When Barbers Poles, and Sign-Posts did increase
The Number of our Justices of Peace,
Whose bloated Names did the Commission swell,
Which without School-Dames Help they could not spell.

Tb. When thro' false Opticks ev'ry thing was view'd,
And the *Old Bawd* her Wanton Pranks renew'd ;
And some to *Rome* did go to solve their Doubts,
And worshipp'd Stocks, and Stones, and painted Clouts.
And daily Masses for a *Prince* were said,
And that 'twould be so, Ten to One was laid.
Those at that Juncture surest were to please Her,
Who fear'd Her God, as well as honour'd *Cæsar*.
Tho Idols *alamsde* were at *White-Hall*,
Yet She would not bow down the Knee to *Baal*.
Nor by Her Beads would She Her Prayers tell.
Who fear'd no Flames of *Smithfield*, but of Hell.
* She that Religion thought exceeding odd,
Which makes a Creature to command its God.

M. When *Romish* Wolves were got into the Fold,
And at Noonday did there their Councils hold ;
Th' *Ejected* *Shepherds* Fate She did bemoan,
She sigh'd, She wept, and made their Case Her own.
Her Tent their Refuge was, until arose
The *Belgick Lion*, to confound their Foes.

* *M. NE. A. 18. 34.* Hic habetur blasphemum hoc nim. Poscamus matrem
Dei non tantum ut pro nobis oret, sed ut præcipiat, &c. Bod. Library.

When he appear'd, they durst no longer stay,
But howling hung the Tail, and sneak'd away.
Whilst Shav'ling Priests in th' House of Lady Cary,
For *French Fleet Dutchify'd*, sang *Ave-Mary*.

M. Finding himself of no Ability
Among the Peerage and Gentility,
One of them crept into a poor Swain's Cell,
Who did at *Wood-Green* famous City dwell:
Did boldly undertake from Sacred Story,
To prove there's such a Place as *Purgatory*.
To multiply your Proofs you may forbear,
Said *Russet Honesty*, for we read there
Of One, who breath'd, spoke, dy'd, yet did not go
To Heav'n above, nor yet to Hell below:
Ergo, to some Third Place. That's argued well,
Quoth he; but who was that? I pray thee tell.
As sure as e're your Reverence read *Mafs*,
One not unlike your *Worship*, *Baalam's As*,
The Country *Heart* reply'd —

Th. *Sherlock* and *Jane*, with all their Learned Art,
Could not, She said, have play'd a better Part.

M. When a fat * *Ecclesiastick* was dissected
She in one Ventricle of's Heart detected
A Coach and Six, and shortly thereupon,
In th' other ken'd, the Whore of *Babylon*.
But lo! while we do thus talk out the Morn,
Our Flocks do trespass; Hey *Cap*, Sheep in Corn!
So now they are reduc'd, we will go on,
And Nought but *Anna* we will think upon.

* *sa.*
Oxon.

Th. On the Amazing, Pleasant *Thesis* dwell,
Let none but that our slender Oat-Pipe swell,
No One on Her his wand'ring Eyes e're fix'd,
But sweet Contentment found, with Wonder mix'd.

Her Affability.

M. She frankly spoke to all She knew, or saw,
And suck'd not up Her Words with *hum* and *haw*.
Were his *Dorinda* half so good and kind,
What Happiness in Her would *Daphnis* find?

Alas, poor Man! A Tongue-quotidian Fever,
 As long as She hath Breath, will never leave her :
 She is all Tongue, all Gall, no Honey,
 A very Antidote to Matrimony.
 Her *Back* is up on ev'ry slight Occasion,
 Then, come to Collar, Boy; there's no Evasion :
 Tho' Censor *Skimmington* oft sweeps her Door,
 Yet still she is the same she was before.
 We'll her preferr'd to a Cucking-stool presume,
 And our Fair Lovely Subject we'll resume.

The Paragon of Her Sex.

Tb. Of the Fair Sex She was the Top and Pride,
M. If we Her *Royal Name-sake* set aside;
 Whose *Denmark George* shall *George of England* be,
 No less Renown'd, no less Rever'd than he :
Tb. He shall the *Gallick Monster* slay, and share
 The Rubrick of the *British Calendar*.

A Tame Hare.

M. As sturdy *Strephon*, (who at *Cutting Time*,
 Of all in our whole Bourn's esteem'd the Prime;
 When he the Sign sees good, and there's no *Spot*,
 Forthwith his Knife and Teeth he spareth not,
 For then no longer he the Case debates,
 But wanton *Willy* he emasculates.)
 As bath'd in Sweat he flung his Elbow round,
 Guiding his Stroke betwixt the Grass and Ground,
 His whistling Sythe before he was aware
 Lightly graz'd on a skulking little Hare,
 It mark'd his Ear, but did his Body spare;
 With mighty Diligence She nurs'd him up,
 He'd eat and drink out of Her Hand and Cup;
 He his wild Nature learn'd to lay aside,
 Yet lov'd with none but *Ladies* to abide;
 And little *Pam*, with whom he us'd to play,
 And pat him on the Ear, and run away;

He'd

He'd give a Graceful Skip, and then he'd stay,
 And look, and challenge him the *Course* half way :
 At length he sad, and melancholly grew,
 As if her Death approaching he foreknew :
 He would not eat, nor drink, tho' much athirst ;
 Lest she should die before him, he dy'd first.

Tb. Thy Story told, I cannot but tell mine,
 Since 'tis as sad, and pretty too, as thine.

M. But stay a little, since my hand is in,
 I'll tell another e're thou dost begin.

A Tame Pheasant.

Th' Enamell'd Pheasant with his Purple Neck,
 Which from her Hand his Meat was wont to peck,
 And perching on her Arm would proudly crow,
 Those Golden Days doth now no longer know ;
 He doth no more his Sportful Wings display,
 Nor yet with Decent Pride himself survey ;
 Nor cares he now to have the Ladies Praise,
 As he the *Ladder* of his Tail doth raise,
 But hides his Drowsy Head beneath his Wing,
 And, Swan-like, his own Elegy does sing,
 As well as hers, and fain would die, and have
 His Body lain by her's in the same Grave.

Her Grave.

Tb. In digging which, the very Sexton wept,
 And in it, dug, would fain himself have slept :
 Her Grave so richly sweet, that we may well
 It to a *Phœnix* Coffin parallel,
 If this, in sweetness, did not that excel.

A White Bull-Finch.

The Finch which *Chloe* dip'd unfledg'd in Milk,
 And grew more white than it, more soft than Silk,
 Which on her Croset us'd to sit and sing,
 And there would comb and trim his Silver Wing,

In

In Doleful Notes doth the Sad Loss deplore,
She who taught him to sing, can sing no more.

A Tame Fawn.

M. Powder'd with Ermin o're she had a Fawn,
Hid in a Brake, 'twas found on yonder Lawn,
A Lawn so rich, so large, so sweet,
Was ne're danc'd o're by Midnight Fairies Feet :
Of *Jasyn's* Pains let Idle Poets tell,
We here may find the *Golden-Fleece* as well.
Here *Idmon*, (*Thirsis* dost thou *Idmon* know ?
He inwards with his Toes is wont to go,
And walking, seems his Arms away to throw ;
Yet is the best in all the Town by odds,
In sily telling Tales with Winks and Nods.)

Th. What then ? *M.* Here with the *Floud* he angry was,
Not that it drown'd the World, but spoil'd the Grass.

Th. Thy Crotchets, good *Menalcas*, do forbear,
Thy Wild-Goose Chase hath made thee lose thy Deer.

M. At Nights upon a Velvet Couch he lay,
And dream'd o're all his Pastime in the Day,
And in the Morn he'd to the Garden trip,
And Nature's Nectar on the Flowers sip ;
Among the Lillies he would Roses seek,
To plant in Beauty's Paradise, her Cheek ;
Stretch'd as he lay upon the Strawb'ry Bed,
Had he not breath'd we should have thought him dead :
With wonder and delight he d gazing stand,
Contemplating the Features of her Hand ;

Th. Where the Meandring Rivulets of Veins
Conspir'd to increase its Beauties by their Stains :

M. But now he'll no where rest but on her Tomb,
Where he'll, e're long, a *Niobe* become :

Th. Till *Phidias* hath done we need not tarry,
When he's at once both Stone and Lapidary.

An Eagle presented to her.

M. Eucaligon (whom as he went astray
 I did set right, as on my Back I lay,
 And with my Foot did point him out the way)
 A stately Eagle did unto her bring,
 Which of the Feather'd Nation is the King :
 (I him to *Katy* shew'd one Holy-day,
 Who *Lamb-Toe* sold, loves not at Town to stay,
 But cracks her Jest, and Pot, and so away.)
 An Airy Palisado'd Palace she
 Soon built for him, with Arched Canopie,
 Where, as he pearching sate upon his Throne,
 Into the Royal Cage a Cock was thrown ;
 Where the Bold *Britain* was no sooner put,
 But proudly he began to crow and strut,
 And in the midst of all his Crowing Pride,
 from his Body did his Head divide,
 And in his Pounces soop'd him up as light
 As is a Chicken by th' invading Kite.

On her Coach-Horse killing his Rider.

Tb. Among those happy Steeds that had the honour
 To draw her Princely Coach, and wait upon her,
 One of them in his Gate and Look exprest,
 Something of Grandeur more than all the rest:
 He on the fleeting Winds did seem to go;
 Like to a Flame of Fire his Mane did flow;
 His well-set Neck was as a Rain-bow bent,
 Out of his Nostrils Smoaky *Aetna's* went:
 He'd stand aloft, as train'd up to the Wars,
 Threatning the Downfal of th' Affrightn'd Stars;
 He'd make the Water boil, and would so drink,
 That he would drain the *Avon* dry, you'd think;
 By's Hoofs of Adamant, and Eyes of Fire,
 We him may judge to be of *Phæbus* Sire,
 And that he'd got out of the Heav'nly Noose,
 And from his Hasty Chariot broken loose;

He'd -

He'd suffer none upon his Back to come
But his own Tender. *M.* Honest *Ned*, the Groom:

Tb. Unless his Lady happen'd to stand by,
Before whose Feet he proudly down would lie;
In whom he something more than Mortal saw,
Her Will his Pleasure was, her Word his Law:

Yet did Bold *Hobbolin* presume one Day
To mount his Back: *M.* Where long he did not stay:

Tb. To prance and make a-do he did disdain,
By throwing him he could no Honour gain:

M. He did not then curvet like one that feels
A fresh *Supplicatory* of Live Eels:

Tb. His Head he reach'd about with Scornful Look,
And from his Back the Daring Rider took;
He kept him down, and on his Breast did kneel,
And did his Pulse at first but gently feel,
Until by Blows enrag'd, his Arm he took
Into his Mouth, his Hold he not forsook;
Muscles and Veins he rent, the Bone he crush'd,
And Streams of Blood out of wide Sluces gush'd;

M. He groan'd in vain, in vain for help did pray,
His Blood and Life together ran away.

The Cruel Beast (fit only now to please

The *French Mezentius*, or th' *Eumenides*)

To Death is sentenc'd, and away is hurl'd

For *Pluto's* Coach-horse in th' Infernal World.

M. When thou and I be dead, and our Bones rotten,
In *Breamore* this will hardly be forgotten.

Breamore describ'd.

Tb. Sweet *Breamore*! where the Charming God of Love
Seem'd to've transplanted the *Idalian* Grove,
Is now an Uncouth Wilderness become,
Where Bats, and Owls, and Satyrs only roam.

To the Right Honourable Fulk Lord Brooke of
Warwick-Castle.

M. But should Great *Grevil* to come there but deign,
In *Breamore* we might *Breamore* find again.

Tb.

Th. He who whilst Men but Men do generate
Doth the Immortal Powers amulate,
And Gods and Goddesses doth propagate;
So beautiful, so chaste, that each may dare
With *Venus* and *Diana* to compare,
Only *they* had their Faults, *these* faultless are.

M. Should he but shew *Guy's* Sword, its very sight
Goblins and Satyrs all would put to flight;
His Sword, which after it a Blade doth trail,
The *Dun's-moor* Cow's more short from Head to Tail,
From Horn to Horn less broad; you'd take the Hilt
To be the *Giant's* Skull, whose Brains he spilt.

Th. Thither should he translate his *Sheep-sheer* Pot,
We'd fell a Sturdy Oak to make it hot;
A Northern Ox at *Smithfield* we would buy,
And sacrifice him to the Gods and *Guy*.

M. As soon as e're we home the Beast had got,
We'd slay 'm with's Sword, and boil him in his Pot.

Th. Then let's no more complain of Cruel Fate:

M. Think on our Future, and her Present State;
For long e're this, thrice welcome she is come
Unto the Mansions of *Elisium*.

Th. A Place wherein (as Holy *Bards* do tell)
Nothing but Peace, and Love, and Plenty dwell.

M. Then on Death's Wings let's thither fly away,
None but th' Unwise and Guilty court Life's stay.

Elysium describ'd.

Th. In ev'ry *Danae's* Lap, at ev'ry Hour,
There *Jove* descendeth in a Golden Show'r:
All our *Venetian* Gold, Embroidery,
Our Richest Dress of Famous *Tyrian* Dye,
Would there seem mean, and next to Beggary:
The Diving *Indian* there his Pains might spare,
For Pearls in the Vast Deep he need not care,
When on the Shore they without number are.
More than both *Indies* there she doth behold,
Where e're she steps, she treads on Minted Gold.
Such Undulating Thrills there Fountains make,
That though the Mental Powers are awake,

Yet do they into all the Senses creep,
 And seem to lull them with Delight asleep :
 There flow'ry Jessamins rich Odours breathe,
 And into Arborers their Branches wreathe,
 Whither the Bird of Paradise repairs,
 And charms the Soul with his Melodious Airs.
 The Fragrant Nectaren and Velvet Peach
 The Art of Courtship there have learn'd to teach ;
 In Blushes languish as she's passing by,
 And drop down at the Dictate of her Eye:
 The Scarlet Strawb'ry doth a tip-toe stand,
 And seems to beg th' acceptance of her hand.

M. There Tulips are as sweet as fair ; the Rose
 Ne're fades, without Offensive Prickles grows:
 The Posie which from *Daphne's* Heart I snatch'd,
 Is there by ev'ry Common Milk-maid match'd:

Th. There gentle Zephyrs on their Balmy Wing
 Sweet-breath'd *Arabians* to the Nostrils bring,
 And wandring Perfumes do themselves ensnare
 Within the Golden Trammels of her Hair :
 There Silver-footed Nymphs in Verdant Bowers
 Suck in the Breath of fine fresh Meadow Flowers ;
 They whiff the Dainties of the Fragrant Field,
 Riot in all that Heav'n it self can yield :
 There Turtles moan not, but in Song excel
 Th' Admir'd, and the self-admiring *Philomel* :
 There *Halcyons* sport with strange amantity,
 And do proclaim a blest fertility,
 And as they on the Watry Surface play,
 A Mass of Ambergreese each bears away,
 With which, all o're perfum'd, whether are they
 More beautiful, or sweet, 'tis hard to say.
 The Sword is there into the Scabbard charm'd,
 And Men go fearless, though they go unarm'd :
 There their *December* doth surpass our *May*,
 Their Twilight clearer is than our Noon-day.
 No Thoughts impure, nor Canker'd Malice there
Platonick Lovers Blest Amours impair,
 In Flames reciprocal alike all share :
 Yea, all are there Pure Essences of Love,
 And in refin'd Addresses shame the Dove.

None there but of one Soul, one Heart and Mind,
 All to the Common Good alike inclin'd.
 No Broker of the Law dares there appear,
 (Whom in a Country Town none love, all fear)
 With Night-Gown, Slippers, and with Pen in Ear.

M. No; to be sure, by Jealousies and Fears
 He'd set the Gods together by the Ears;
 Each Pale-fac'd Deity about would whisk,
 As if he'd seen some Killing Basilisk.
 There's no Discourse of Lives, nor the next Taker,
 Nor of the Pope, the Conscience's Clog-maker;
 Who though he much of Peter's Keys doth prate,
 Yet to peep in at Key-hole of Heav'n Gate
 He's not allow'd; in vain they there do knock,
 Who've only grasp'd the Fleece, not fed the Flock.

Tb. 'Twould be a vain and impious search to look
 For *Leo* there, or his † *Taxation Book*;
 That Rare Depositum, which no Place can
 Authentick boast, but the Fam'd *Vatican*:

M. That *Doom's-day Book*, with its large Inventory,
 Might well an *Index* have *Expurgatory*;
 For let His Holiness say what he will,
 What's Evil in it self, is evil still:

Tb. Though this was Orthodox ev'n long before
 The *Eagle* on her *Wings* the *Gospel* bore;
 Yet we with greater Reverence can't read
 * Th' *Apostles Acts*, (which *Venerable Bede*
 Illustrated with Notes of his own Hand,
 Which o're the Sacred *Text* in *Saxon* stand;
 Which *Text* in Capitals it self doth show,
 And doth not what are Points, or Accents know)
 Than *Rome*, this *Bed-roll* of Iniquities,
 And *Letters-Patents* to do Villanies.
 The Golden *Afs* is less esteemed there
 Than the *Philosopher*, whose *Gown's Thread-bare*,

† *Taxa Camera Apostolica*: A Rate Book invented by *Leo* the Tenth, to be
 seen this day in the *Vatican* at *Rome*; contraining the Prices of all Sins.

* This Venerable Monument to be seen in the *Museum* belonging to the
Bodleian Library.

But hath a Mind within that doth outshine
The dazling Lustre of a *Becket's* Shrine,
And all the Glories of an *Indian* Mine.

M. There *Mercuries* of Logs they do not make ;
No Taylors there, nor *Glasiers* Orders take.
There into Offices no *Knaves* do creep,
Nor Wolves appear in Clothing of the Sheep.
Nor Money-Huckster, who by Wiles and Tricks,
The Bones and Pockets of poor Clients picks,
And through their very Hearts doth suck his Gains,
As hungry Leeches do their Food through Veins.

Tb. None tainted there with *Simon Magus* Leav'n ;
Who damn their own, to Preach Men's Souls to Heav'n.

M. No Sacrilegious Wretch there ever trod,
Who to enrich himself, doth rob his God.

Tb. None, who with blind mad Zeal of *Scotish* Kirk,
Have dar'd the Back of *Prelacy* to jirk :
Who have *Enthusiasm* constru'd Reason,
And have not stuck to Vote *Allegiance* Treason.
None there, who merely for Preferment Preach,
And Things which they do not believe, do teach.
No *Cura-animarum* Men are there,
Who do the Church's Patrimony share,
Yet think the *Cure of Souls* beneath their Care.

M. Who by *Non-Residence* their Watch do keep,
Left Wolves by Night should prey upon the Sheep.

Tb. None there but Souls that shine with spotless Beauty,
By having done to God and Man their Duty.
None there but such, who in their Life-time strove
To imitate the *Lamb* and harmless Dove :
None there but Souls so distant from the Devil,
As *Good to've done*, not barely *done no Evil*.

M. In Fields Green all the Year, securely feed
Sheep of that Heav'nly Fold ; nor is there need
That happy Shepherds of that blest Abode
Should look for *Clowns-all-beal*, or *Melampode*.
Both Sheep and Shepherd live-alike at Ease,
As free from Care and Want, as from Disease.

M. When once got there, for Rain we need not pray,
Satchel and Tar-Box we may fling away,
Our *Catch* and *Rover* then at home may stay.

Tb. There

Tb. There the unweary'd Lark mounts up on high,
 And Sings his *Lyrick Epodes* in the Sky ;
 Whilst Glitt'ring *Phæbus* with a Sparkling Ray,
 On Silver Streams is always seen to play,
 And triumphs o're the Night in endless Day :
 And tho' but Vertical he's no where known,
 Yet 'tis no Torrid, but a Temp'rate Zone ;
 For so Benign 's the Heat, it ne're does harm,
 It doth not Scorch, but only gently Warm.
 Here, like the Sprightly Morn in youthful Dress,
She full of Vigour, and of Liveliness ;
 Crown'd with a Garland, gorgeously beset
 With Never-fading Pink and Violet,
 Among the *Blest* Majestickly doth walk,
 And of the wondrous Glorious Place doth talk
 Such strangely Charming Things, as thou and I,
 While we think on Them, in that Thought could dye ;
 And long to *Heav'n*, that is, to *Her* to go,
 Who where *She* comes, or finds or makes it so.

On the present State of Affairs.

M. Well met, dear *Thyrsis*, here 's my Hand and Heart,
 It ha'nt our good Luck been since we did part,
 Under yon aged Yew once more to meet,
 And heartily, like Friends, each other greet.

Tb. Ah! that same Sacred Monumental Tree,
 On whose hard Bark we *Anna's* Name may see
 So deeply wrought. *M.* Had *She* but liv'd to 've seen
 The Great *Nassau* Surviving in Our QUEEN,
 And all the Glories of *Eliza's* Reign
 Restor'd, and shining forth in *Her* again :
 Who may as justly boast, (change but the Name)
 Her *Drake*, Her *Burleigh*, and Her *Walsingham*.

Tb. *She* Her Bold *Cloudefly* hath, and Trusty *Bing*,
 Whose deathless Fame blithe tuneful Bards shall sing,
 While *Gibraltar* doth stand; or th' Ocean
 Partakes of the *Mediterranean*.

M. By Sea and Land he knows how to command,
 He *Bembo* is by Sea, *CHURCHILL* by Land :

Tb. Th' *Illustrious MARLBOROUGH!* in whom alone
 We have them all consummated in one;

In

In whom of *Ancient English Gallantry*,
 We may the most *Correct Edition* see,
 Where in the very *Front* both *France* and *Rome*
 In *Bloody Capitals* may read their *Doom* :
 Say not, to Fate the *Black Prince* yet doth yield ;
 In Him he still is *Fighting* in the *Field*;
 That *Field* which he disdaineth e're to quit,
 Till Conq'ring *A N N E* shall Crown'd in *Paris* sit.

M. Lo ! *Emperors* and *Kings* to Her bow down,
 Each from Her *Hand* receives his rescu'd *Crown*.

Th. Her *Grandeur* and *Exploits* do Her express,
 Not *Queen* of *England*, but the *Universe*.
 Her *Reign* with it a double *Blessing* brings,
 To pull down *Tyrants*, and establish *Kings*.

M. God's *Blessing* on Her *Heart* ! How well may She
 The *Church's Nursing-Mother* said to be,
 Who hath to those so large a *Portion* carv'd,
 Who at the *Altar* where they waited, starv'd ?
 This brings *Religion* into *Vogue* again,
 Embalms Her *Name*, and consecrates Her *Reign*.

Th. She hath an *Abbot* fix'd at *Canterbury*,
 Above *Compliance* with a *Laudian* *Fury* :

M. *Abbot* in *Courage*, *Constancy*, and *Hate*
 Of *Innovation* ; but not *So* in *Fate*.

Th. He doth no *Grounds* for a *Distinction* know
 With *Us*, between the *High-Church* and the *Low*.

M. When once to talk of *High-Church* *Men* are come,
 'Tis to be fear'd, they mean the *Church* of *Rome*.

Th. Sick of the *Queen*, and th' *House* of *Hanover*,
 They'd from *St. Germain's* bring the *young Man* over ;
 Whether by way of *Scotland*, or *elsewhere*,
 To be so bold to say, I do not dare.

M. I wish who's sick of Her, may dye in *Health*
 At *Tyburn* ; and his *Goods*, his *Lands*, and *Wealth*,
 And *Members* be confiscated ; t' advance
 Heav'n's *Cause* and *Hers*, 'gainst *Cerberus* and *France*.

Th. How ? *Goods*, *Lands*, *Wealth* ! I thought that only
 Were for the *French*, who nothing have to lose. [those

M. Or would lose all : *Weary* of *Riches*, and of *Ease*,
 Themselves with *Wooden Shoes*, and *Arm-Bolts* please ;
 Men, who their *Cafe* do never reckon good,
 Till *Holy Water* they must chuse, or *Blood*. Such

Such Zealots we may well *Pyrrachmon's* name,
Whose very Breath sets *Kingdoms* in a Flame.
Thus *Fire-Arrows* from *Pattarrero* shot,
Do for poor *Sailers* make the Ship too hot.

Tb. We shall forget our *Canterbury-Tale*.

M. No, not while Sheep bear Wool, or Malt makes Ale.

Tb. He, as an *ATLAS* of the Church and Court,
With well-pois'd *Moderation* doth Support
The Mitre and the Crown; and is become
The Dread and Envy both of *France* and *Rome*.

M. That *S H E* should twice in Solemn Triumph ride
Unto our Sacred Capitol! The Pride,
The Top and Glory of Magnificence,
The standing Proof of Mighty Affluence.

Tb. *Rome* short of *Us* in solid Worth doth fall,
Her *Peter* gives the *Right-hand* to our *Paul*.

M. Who of Precedence hath as much the Right,
As hath the *Metal* of the *Marcellite*.

Tb. Had She but liv'd to 've seen such happy Days,
And joyful Swains singing their *Roundelays*;
Her *Nunc dimittas* She had gladly said,
And looking up to Heaven thus had pray'd:

Longlov'd and fear'd may A N N A Reign,
To see Her Austria Crown'd in Spain,
Her Self in France; and Lewis be
A Monument of Infamy.

M. Who all Religion thinks a Jest,
But Idolized Interest;
Which to advance *per Fas & Nefas*,
To Orphans Cries he is as deaf as
Ever th' Old Adder was, or *Judas*.

Tb. Who would to gain th' Imperial Crown,
The Standard of the Cross pull down,
And set up *that* of the *Half-Moon*.

M. And Gospel change for *Alcoran*,
And yet be thought *Most-Christian*.

Tb. Well may the *Mimims* of *Marseille*,
Him therefore King of Glory stile.

M. Of Blasphemy no more they make,
Than hungry *Scotchman* of Oat-cake.

Tb. From such a Tyrant's Rage as this,
Whose Name is an *Antithesis*,

Haste

to deliver *Henry*, I said;
That he had *Henry* to send
For's Trusty and Beloved Friend,
His Dear Carver! with Skill
For Quick and Dead to make a Will.

Tb. May's *Helms* the Pleasure have
To go in Pilgrimage to's Grave
Over the *Alpine* Tops, and Snow,
Without a Superficious Shoe:
And may He for his Travel have
The Thanks return'd of the Conclave:
But long may *Charles* the Third in Spain;
Long, long may *ANNE* in Britain Reign,
Long may *She* Reign, e'en till we see
The Universal Jubilee.



M. May ne'er Her Council be deny'd
In it a *Penelope* to Preside;
Nor Her Triumphant Arms e're know
What 'tis to want a *MARLBOROUGH*:

Tb. Had He been Slain we then might say,
That we had lost, though won the Day.

M. Add now the Day is Ours, let the French King
To make it *His*, loudly *Te Deum* Sing,
While to th' Immortal *Churchill*, *Leake*, and *Jumper*,
And all the Valiant Crew, we drink a Bumper:

Tb. Whilst *Milum* on's Enchanted Harp doth play,
And Steals the Senses by his Sleight away.

M. Let him besides our Famous First of May
Appoint a new *Philip* and *James's* Day.

Tb. Monarchs alike! *Philip* and *James* of Wales,
Th' one at *St. Germain's*, th' other at *Versailles*,
Shall keep his Royal Court, and shall Command
Squadrons by Sea, and Distant Troops by Land:
'Tis Godlike at a distance thus to Reign!

At France in England, and at France in Spain.

M. *Thyrsis*, thou now hast bravely done thy part,
And shown a Truly Loyal English Heart.

Tb. Was ev'ry English Heart as True as mine is,
We to the War with France might soon write **FINIS**.

